BRITAIN'S FAITH IN LLOYD GEORGE AGAIN EVIDENCED

Prime Minister Emerges Triumphant from Hot Commons Battle

BEGAN LIFE AS POOR BOY

Career of Great Champion of People Reads Like Abraham Lincoln's Life

"FIGHT TO FINISH" ADVOCATE

Little Welshman Proved Worth Before War Called Him to Tremendous Duties

In the House of Commons, the little Welshman who is England's Prime Minister has just emerged triumphant after the latest open effort to dislodge him from the saddle of the Empire into which he vaulted some 18 months ago.

By a smashing majority, the House voted down the motion to investigate by a select committee the charges of misstatement brought against Lloyd George and Bonar Law by General Maurice, who made his allegations in the form of a letter to the newspapers. It was a vote of confidence. General Maurice has been relieved of command and placed upon retired pay. Lloyd George is still Prime Minister.

Into his grim, historic home in Downing Street are pouring countless cablegrams and telegrams from all the great capitals of the world (Berlin and Vienna excepted), and the burden of these messages is simply this: "Well done, Lloyd George."

None was more heartfelt than the cable of congratulations on his success in Parliament which came from M. Clemenceau, the Tiger of France, for in all the great capitals of the world (Berlin and Vienna *not* excepted) the continuance in power of Lloyd George is read as fresh evidence of Britain's determination to see the war through to a Prussian defeat.

The people of the British Empire have faith in this leader of theirs because he is himself a man of the people and because, in the troubled years before the war, Lloyd George had established himself as the people's champion till his name was known the world around and the heirs of the vast English estates trembled with fear and anger at the very sound of it.

Story Reads Like Lincoln's

He came of poor folks, desperately poor. His father had been a needy schoolmaster in Manchester, where the boy was born some 55 years ago, but after the father's death, he was brought up in Wales by his uncle, a shoemaker. Out of obscurity and poverty he rose by the fire that was in him as surely as did Lincoln, our own great commoner, whose words the Welshman studies and quotes in his great hours. The meatless days which have been England's portion mean little to a man in whose home as a boy there had never been enough money to buy any meat at all, and where an egg of a Sunday was so rich a treat that young David and his brother must needs share one between them.

Such a youth prepared him for his role as the idol of the British democracy and when, in time, the key of the Empire's treasure chest was placed in his hands, he could face the workers who came to him for justice with more than mere sympathy. He knew how it was himself.

"I was brought up in a workman's home," he would say, "and there is nothing you can tell me about the anxieties and worries of labor that I did not know for the first 20 years of my life."

No Respecter of Tradition

So the minimum wage and the old age pension and ruthless taxation of the propertied classes were part of the gospel of Lloyd George when, through the churning of British politics, he became Chancellor of the Exchequer. He really meant it when he sang "Britons never shall be slaves." Conservative England shook in its well polished boots.

He was no respecter of tradition. He was no respecter of persons, especially dukes. When the House of Lords got in his way, he was enough of a cheerful heretic to suggest that the time had come for that august institution to be thrown on the scrap-heap.

Lloyd George was the spokesman and the leader of that social revolution, with the threat and promise of which the Empire was tense in the years which just preceded the war. Those on whose side he fought and those who hoped that the revolution would prove a bloodless one, hailed him humorously but fondly as the "Prince of Wales"; the others called him "that contemptible little Welsh attorney," and turned their backs on him at the club and hated him more than they hated any one else in all the world.

"If you, with a gift of prophecy, had gone to them in May 1914 and told them that within three years the contemptible little Welsh attorney would lead the Empire and that they would be proud to sit on the same platform with him, they would either have put you on in some London music hall as a bally humorist or locked you up as a dangerous lunatic. Think of Samuel Gompers made president of J. P. Morgan and Co. Think of Billy Sunday made Dean of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. Try these ideas over on your imagination and you will have some faint idea of what their emotions would have been.

Holds People's Confidence

Yet it was just because the people trusted him that he was able to do so much for England when the great war came. Just as he could champion the rights of small nations with better grace because he had been hotly and bravely against England's course in the Boer war, just as he could proclaim a fight to a finish with greater eloquence because he himself had been anything but a militarist in all his public life, so he could draw up a "limited profit, no strikes and no lock-out" compact with the workers, because they knew that anything their Lloyd George asked of them must be vital to the life of their country.

The war had been in full swing for more than two years before the explosion in the coalition cabinet blew the Welshman into the premiership. But to the casual observer, he had appeared to be in charge from the first. He was so luminous that he could not help outshining those around him.

Lloyd George was Chancellor of the Exchequer when war was declared, and vowing that the last hundred million pounds would settle the matter, he piloted the Empire through the financial crisis of the first trying months. Then, as Minister of Munitions, he turned England into an arsenal.

He who had been the friend of labor since his first day in politics became the greatest single employer of labor the world had ever known. Finally, when K. of K. was lost at sea, Lloyd George succeeded him as Secretary of State for War, and it was from that post that he stepped, just before Christmas in 1916, to the head of the Cabinet.

Master of Oratory and Wit

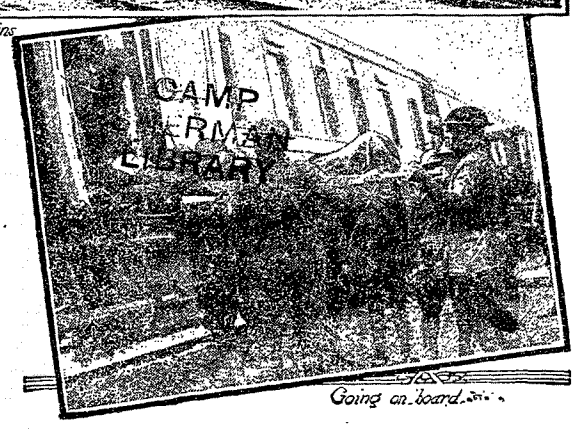
Throughout all this period, his speeches were electrifying, for like Wilson and Clemenceau—like any man who would really lead a nation—Lloyd George is a master orator, and that, too, in a tongue he had to learn as a foreign language. His wit flashes. His shots are rapid, well-aimed, pulverizing. No heavy artillery he, but a machine gun turned with devastating effect on all who oppose him in debate. The short, sharp word is Lloyd George's ammunition, and all he says—like all that his colleague in France says—comes down to this: "Fight to a finish."

"The Prussian junker is the road hog of Europe." Thus Lloyd George. "Small nationalities in his way are flung to the road side, bleeding and broken; women and children thrust under the wheel of his cruel car, Britain ordered out of the road. All I can say is this: If the old British spirit is alive in British hearts, that bully will be torn from his seat. He thinks we can't beat him. It will not be easy. It will be a long job. It will be a terrible war. In the end we shall march through this terror in triumph.

"It took England 20 years to defeat Napoleon and the first 15 of those years were black with defeat. It will not take 20 years to win this war, but whatever time is required, it will be done."

NEW HOSPITAL TRAINS ARE DE LUXE AFFAIRS

One of the world's finest hospital trains



Going on board

No "Hommes 40, Chevaux 8" for Army's Sick or Wounded

DOZEN ARE ALREADY IN USE

Traveling Cook Is Equal to Steak, Fried Potatoes, and—Yes—Prune Pie

If the author of that lingering—almost malingering—melody, "I Don't Want to Get Well," should happen to be a passenger on one of the new hospital trains now in use by the United States Army, the chances are that he would be inspired to write at least an additional stanza.

Picture your favorite train back home. There's that extra fare train plying between San Francisco and Portland, Ore.; there's the Twentieth Century; there are the lovely choo-choos that take you from Los Angeles to Chicago, or, if you prefer, from Chicago to Los Angeles; and the rivals that go from St. Paul to Chicago—and vice versa—are fine trains. But none of them is more comfortable than our new hospital trains; and none of them is so utterly clean and sanitary.

The trains—there are about a dozen of them already in use, and it is expected that the number will be doubled before long—were built for us in England. Each train costs about $300,000. Sixteen cars make up a train. Nine of them are regular sleepers, with 36 berths each.

In the day time, for patients able to sit up, the lower berths can be transformed into settees. There are contrivances for tobacco, receptacles for clothing and toilet articles, lavatories, water containers—everything you can think of, and a lot of other things that, unless you see them, you wouldn't believe they'd have on a train.

There is, for example, a car split up into compartments for the segregation and treatment of infectious cases. There is a pharmacy car, with everything the biggest pharmacy in your home town has, excepting, of course, a soda fountain and a city directory. There is a telephone system, so that one doctor in Car 1 may communicate at once with another in Car 16.

There is a compartment devoted to dressings; there's an emergency operating room, in the event that an operation must be made en route; there's a room where special diets are served; there is an officers' car, with its mess room; a staff car, for three medical officers and three nurses; a supply car; a personnel car, for the crew of 32 men; AND—as beautiful a sight as has been witnessed in these parts—a kitchen car, with a bunch of regular stoves and perhaps the best, if not the darkest, cook that ever presided over the diner between Atlanta, Ga., and Birmingham, Ala.

The day this account was written he was cooking some steak and fried potatoes. Hard by these were—the very pen waters to write it—five of the flakiest, crispiest, squashiest, juiciest, toothsomest, delusciousest prune pies ever seen or tasted in France, Texas, New Hampshire, or any other hemisphere. In short, they were good pies. A piece of that pie would be worth at least a couple of cushy wounds.

Each car has electric lights and fans, and is steam heated. The train has every convenience and luxury that the Pullmans at home have; and two in addition: You don't have to tip the porters; and the cars are not named Malazooka or Athabascerillo—they are numbered.

One can almost hear the boys, as the train pulls out, singing, "When That Midnight Choo-choo Leaves for A.P.O. 927."

BACK TO THE FRONT IN TIME FOR SCRAP

Trio of Yanks Go A.W.O.L. and Beat Way to the Firing Line

When the good stories illustrating the character of the American fighting man are gathered together, one of them will be the tale of three Yanks who went A.W.O.L., beat their way several hundred miles, eluded all traps set to catch unauthorized travelers, and joined their outfit in time to get into the bonny fecht at Seicheprey.

They had been wounded earlier and were convalescing in a hospital far from the front when they heard that their regiment, after a period of rest, had gone back in the line. Almost at the same time they were released from the hospital and started on the way to a replacement depot.

They didn't like the idea. They didn't want to go to a depot and fool around and possibly get sent to an outfit they knew nothing of. They wanted to join their bunkies in the line.

Transfer to Freight Train

So they coolly transferred to a gentle freight train headed in the direction of the front and rode it until it stopped. When they got off they were still a hundred miles from the American sector. By help of friendly truck drivers and six pairs of sturdy kicks they managed to get to American G.H.Q.

The old ho trick of playing the freight trains took them 40 miles further to the town in which they had trained. There they learned exactly where their outfit was. How they made the remaining 40 miles through the network of sentries that guard the approach to the battle line they and Heaven only know. But they did it.

How they gained their subsistence throughout the trip would make another tale. No matter—they arrived fit for duty. Before any troublesome questions could be asked about their papers, the Boches came over to see their company. It was the party they had come to get into, and they went into it with joy in their hearts.

The facts came out after the fight.

FROM ONE OF 'EM

Dey're goin' to call me "Sammy"—
My Gawd, what have I did?
Why don't they make it "Ferdinand,"
Or "Cutie dear" or "Kid?"

I wonder for dat handle
Just who I got to t'ank?
Why don't they cut dat "Sammy" stuff,
And stick to good old "Yank?"

Now, dere's a name I fall for,
It's big and strong and frank,
Yo, dere's a sound at's got some stuff,
A good, loud-bellowed "YANK!"

I'll bet some Sewin' Circle
Or some newspaper crank
Wished dat dere "Sammy" on me.
Hell!
Why don't they call me "Yank?"

F. A. M., Jr.

THE WORLD'S FAIR

Men from six different nooks on this globe of ours formed the audience that heard an American regimental band play ragtime the other afternoon in a village within range of the Germans' big guns.

The band took up its station in front of a butcher shop. Italian, French and American soldiers swarmed in when the musicians began tuning up. The first strains brought three English Tommies and a laboring detachment from India with tall white turbans hustling up the road to see what it was all about. Presently there straggled into the scene twenty or more olive-hued Annamites from the Far East.

"Look at 'em," said an artilleryman, "now wouldn't you think you was at the world's fair?"

THIS AIR SQUADRON HAS ITS OWN PAPER

"The Flyer" Is Gotten Out Entirely by Hand, Too

"The Flyer" is its name, and it's a hummer.

It is the official organ of the — Aero Squadron. It lives up to all the established rules of journalism by writing on only one side of the paper—for it is penciled, not printed, and its pictures are drawn right on the living sheet, instead of being reproduced. Its editor, Robert R. Fitzgerald, is better known under the title of "Mooney Mingles," and he hails from Lawrenceburg, Ind.

Whether Mooney's departure was the one thing that made Indiana, in a fit of the sulks, go dry, is still a debatable question; but Indiana can't be blamed if she did, for "The Flyer" was formerly "The 101 Weekly" of the burg of Lawrenceburg.

Unlike the Hoosier commonwealth at present writing, there is nothing dry about "The Flyer." It is enterprising enough to have a puzzle department, a comic column headed by a picture of a fine leering clown, and—shades of border days!—a representation of the justly famed Texas cactus.